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IDLERS.

FOREST trees have worms at their roots; and rats and mice devour the seeds which would have given the land good harvests had they been suffered to grow; buds have grubs that eat out their hearts and thus prevent the fruit which would have ripened for the summer's joy and the winter's store; and workers have idlers about their paths who set themselves deliberately to interrupt their labours, to destroy their work, and to reduce them to the same level of inanity and uselessness as themselves. They float about the world like clouds of moral bacteria to settle where they can find a suitable place for their own pleasure, at the cost of others' pain. Nothing stops them, and no business is too precious, no work too sacred for them to respect. They want to kill Time—Time that evasive Mercury to the busy, who hangs as heavy as so much lead on their idle hands—Time that light-footed runner whom the occupied can never catch but whom the idle can never pass by—yes, they want to kill Time, the enemy of their happiness and the source of their deepest ennui; but they cannot kill him without a companion to help them. Wherefore they come to you to get your aid in the destruction of that which is your best friend, the sower of your future harvest and the giver of your children's bread, the ground-work of your success, of your fame, of your well-doing—that of which you have not half enough for your needs, and the duration of which you would if you could, increase a hundredfold.

It is in vain that you try to make them understand the difference between your position and theirs. Idleness has other faults beside itself; and there was never an idle person yet, out on the errand of killing Time, who was not selfishly unable to comprehend such differences as interfered with his own desires, and as selfishly determined to accept no denial of what it is his pleasure to demand.

'Not able to go to the theatre to-night, because you cannot give the time? Nonsense! I could have understood the plea of another engagement,

but this absurd excuse is no reason at all! It will be only for three or four hours, and you surely can give that,' says your idle friend jauntily; adding if a man: 'There is no fun in going by one's self!—if a woman: 'How can I go alone? It is impossible! I must have a companion and you really must come with me!'

You refuse a ticket for this *réle*, for that morning performance? always on the same plea of want of time, and things that have to be done? Your idle friend, transformed by idleness and the imperious need of selfishness into your enemy—and one of the worst that you can have—absolutely refuses to take your 'no' as an answer, and makes your companionship on this occasion a test of your friendship and a condition of its continuance. You have the alternative—either to destroy your day or give up your friend; and the chances are that you do the former, and weakly hold to the latter as a hinderance and obstructive for many other days to come. It would be better if you had strength of mind enough to hold to your word and brave the consequences of your friend's displeasure. But if you have cause of gratitude for past kindness?—if, for some old sentiment, some pleasant association, you are unwilling to break the tie?—well! then you submit to the tyranny, to the loss, to the discomfort, and lay aside your work at the bidding of your friend, to fulfil his caprice and to give him pleasure. By which you simply pull the straps a little tighter and prepare worse trials for yourself—trials which will some day become intolerable, when the break must come and more painfully than it would have come now. As we have said, it is morally impossible to make an habitual idler understand the value of time, and even more impossible to make a rich idler understand your need of work nor how important it is for you to have a stretch of uninterrupted hours if you are to do any good. He cannot take it in and he will not try. A stretch of uninterrupted hours means nothing to him but so much breadth of playground; and he thinks that it should be the same thing to you also. His fortunes are assured, and he cannot realise that yours should be still shaky.

and undetermined ; that, while he is living in the upper chambers, you should be merely howking up the foundations. You are his friend, his equal in intelligence, in birth, in breeding—how comes it then that you should not be free as he is to play with your time and give your hours to pleasure instead of work ? We know of nothing wherein there is less sympathy, less comprehension, than in this matter of the employment of time : which for the rich means play and for the poor toil.

Then there are the affectionate idlers—the friends who would be far too conscientious to ask you to give up your work for the sake of amusement, but who have no scruple in putting friendship in the same place, and of letting love claim what they themselves would think righteously denied to pleasure. These are the dear souls who will not be turned away, let your orders be ever so strict, your seclusion ever so sacred. ‘Oh ! I am sure he will see *me*,’ they say with a bland smile and an entreating voice. ‘Take him that card, and say that I will not keep him long ; but I am sure he will like to see me !’

As servants are human beings with impressionable natures, not mere machines that cannot be coaxed, the bland smile and the entreating voice make their mark and oil the hinges disastrously enough for you ; and your work is interrupted, the thread of your ideas is broken and perhaps is not able to be found again, that you may talk bacolies with a dear good prosy old fossil from the country, who has nothing to tell you, between whom and you is no point of common interest, and who, when you have seen him for five minutes—heard that he is well, that his wife is well, that his children are well, and that life generally is prospering with him—has exhausted all that he has to say, and fulfilled the sole defensible reason for his intrusion. But do you think that he will go so soon as he has delivered himself of all this ? Not a bit of it ! He has come for a good long talk, and a good long talk he will have. ‘You can spare *me* a little time,’ he says benignly, when you confess to extreme pressure of business and hint at the importance of your time. ‘I do not see you above once or twice a year ; I do not take up much of your time.’

Very true ; but you have some dozen of friends out in the country like himself, and if they all made the same plea when they come up to London, where would you be then ? Country folks, up in London, and separated from their own business, never seem to have an idea that Londoners can have more to do than themselves. They have come to the great city for pleasure ; and it is incredible to them that all the citizens are not living a life of pleasure too. It is the same when townsfolk go into the country. To them the country is the place of rest, of idleness, of sweet lotus-eating, where the hours are longer and time of not half the value as it is in towns, and where in consequence they cannot believe in the busy duties of their friends. For to most of us our own condition is the condition of the world at large—when we are athirst who can be slaked ? when we are satisfied who can be hungry ? and how can there be busy needs when we have none ? and the pre-occupancy of time which to us is void ?

Of all the thieves of time and hangers-on of idleness, morning callers are the worst. There

ought to be a law by which it should be rendered penal for any one to call on a person of known occupation, save on a matter of business or imperative necessity. The precious golden sands that have been poured into the barren ocean of idle talk by these pitiless wasters of time—these conscienceless destroyers of the best wealth of human life ! They come—radiant, smiling, well dressed and well bred ; perfectly honourable folk and incapable of crime ; but if you told them that they were picking your pocket of so much—making you pay in hard cash so much for every moment of their stay—they would hold themselves insulted beyond the possibility of forgiveness, and would regard you as about the greatest ruffian let loose on society. Yet, put crudely, this is the absolute truth ; and the morning callers who interrupt workers may set down their visits as costing their friends so much and so much—in proportion to the assumed worth of their friends’ work. They would scarcely ask them to pay the same amount in visible silver and gold to give them, these friends, half-an-hour’s pleasure in any other form. But odd things are done under the guise of friendship ; and this of the ruthless destruction of time, the interruption of work, and the practical picking of pockets, is one of them.

Then there are the idlers with a grievance, who come to inflict themselves and their sorrows on you at all hours, from sunrise to sunset, and beyond—you unable to refuse because of the sacred charm residing in that one word Sympathy ; they claiming, and you forced to render. And there are the idlers who, without having any real burdens to oppress them, make up imaginary ones, and out of their mole-hills of inconvenience construct mountains of misfortune which they force you to look at all round and from base to summit, and are angry if you say that they are really only mole-hills after all, and that they need not worry themselves—or you—about them. These are the idlers who haunt your offices, professional men, and will not be bowed out by anything short of curt and stern dismissal. They are sure to be both wonderfully stupid about great points and wonderfully exact in the most insignificant details ; requiring you to go over the ground two or three times, omitting none of the minor points, and profuse if woolly on the major. They are fertile in possibilities, and make you give full and exhaustive replies as to what you would, or would not, do in every kind of hypothetical turn which their case might take. Not that they believe in their own hypotheses, but they have a lot of time on their hands and it makes talk as well as anything else. You all the while are fuming to get rid of them and their insignificant affairs—their law business which a mere copying-clerk could settle—their ailments which the first chemist would cure—their negotiations which a child could conduct and where only a born imbecile would go wrong ; for grave matters are waiting, and your idle talker stands in the way of really important work. What are you to do with such hopeless bores, such immovable obstructions ? Surely our day is vastly too humanitarian ; and a little mild torture might be allowable on occasions !

The grave and fussy idlers who stop you in the street, and buttonhole you in the face of an outrageous sun, in the teeth of an east wind, and on

the way, as you are, 'full pelt' to keep an important appointment ; beguiling your attention in the first instance by assuring you that they have something of the greatest moment to communicate—which turns out to be nothing at all when you have heard it ; the smiling idlers, capital company when you have time for them, who really must keep you just to tell you this capital joke—which is an old Joe Miller spoilt ; those who want to talk to you about Maulstick's new picture, which you must really go to see, you who are so fond of art !—but you dislike Maulstick personally and detest his style as heresy and ugliness combined ; those who have heard of the very thing to suit you—a house if you are looking for one, sure to be on the clay if you demand gravel, and to stand to the east if you make a *sine quid non* of the west ; or a horse that will not carry your weight ; or a servant who is a cool when you want a housemaid, or a gardener if you are in search for a groom ; those who know something about certain common friends which will interest you to hear—and which you have heard more than a month ago ; the idlers bracketed with you in the same office, who will neither do their own work nor let you do yours ; the idlers who are not forced by the stern necessity of the great Food question to do anything, and with whom duty and the love of employment for its own sake are motives infinitely too weak to stir them from their lethargy ; these and more like unto them are the moral locusts of life which go about devouring the leaves and buds of such activities as come in their way—intellectual bacteria swarming in crowds wherever they have the chance to exist, and rendering that society where they do swarm, corrupt and unfit, useless and unwholesome.

Whence do they come, those idlers in the streets who, wandering in single rank or dispersed detachments among the busy and the purposeful, are confounded with them, and never seen for what they are till something happens which calls them together ; when they astonish us by their numbers and the problem of how they are able to live at all—idling not being a profitable investment of one's capital ? Men and women who, one would suppose, had enough to do to keep things straight, and to find food and clothing for themselves and those belonging to them, if they worked diligently for twelve hours out of the twenty-four, gather into compact masses of gaping idleness at every passing show, every unusual occurrence, every trifling accident ; and pass hours staring at the sight, if hours are needed to be passed before the obstruction gets itself removed, or the show vanishes into space. Masterless men surely they must be ; yet evidently they are not their own masters, so far as having the whiphand of circumstances goes—women without home or duties, for all that dress and appearance and the betraying wedding-ring would seem to point to both ; mere idlers cumbering the ground which others till, and living as they best can on food which they only help to consume, taking no trouble to create or prepare. These multitudes of idlers to be collected together in the streets of any large town at a moment's notice, have always seemed to us to be the oddest phenomena of our social life. Men with the need and marks of work legibly written on every square inch of their person and attire, why are they not at their

bench, in the factory, the foundry, the ship-yard, at the anvil, at the loom ? Or if they belong to none of these trades, and are of that queer nondescript class which seems to have no settled occupation, and one may well believe no settled home—which calls itself generically the class of 'handy men,' men ready for odd jobs of any kind and living on the disregarded crumbs of labour—how is it that they can give so much time from their poor scratchings on the surface of the great field of work, and spend in street sightseeing that precious jewel of humanity called time ? Who can tell ? All we know is, that like vultures gathered to the carcase, not the least event can happen in the streets out of the ordinary run of daily traffic—horse cannot fall, a foreigner in his native costume cannot pass, a new kind of hurdy-gurdy cannot grind out a familiar tune, a mountebank cannot go through tricks that were stale a hundred years ago, nor *Punch* repeat a pantomime known by heart to all but the rising generation—but the idlers are gathered in crowds ; and for them at least all the duties of life are suspended for hours to come.

Perhaps nowhere do we see so many idlers in public as in Paris. In the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, on the free benches of the Champs-Elysées, wherever there are lounging-places to be had for nothing, we find men whom we would naturally expect to be at work, not play. When the open-air concerts are given by the bands, as many of the lowest class as of the well-to-do—none of the highest—gather round to listen ; and even pay their fifteen or ten centimes for chairs within the inclosure where they can hear better. It is strange to English eyes, even to those accustomed to the sudden congregation of idlers in the streets when anything abnormal happens of which we have just spoken. Judging superficially, it would seem as if all Paris made perpetual holiday ; but as a set-off, the hours of labour are long, and men in business work early and late—earlier and later than we do. Also, not so many women are seen idling in the streets. The habits of French life do not encourage the independent loneliness with which we are becoming daily more familiar among our women. The *bonnes* (nurses) of course come in for all the sunny open-air attractions ; but then they have a reason for it ; they have the children to take out ; and if good things fall in their way, while that way is one of duty, can we wonder that they pick up their portion of the roasted larks which fall from the sky ? Perhaps though, we are more struck by the mass of idlers to be seen at all four corners in Paris, because of the climate and the customs which allow of so much more open-air life than with us. In our cities our idlers would have to be sought for under cover—in the gin-palace, the skittle-alley, the billiard-room. In Paris they stretch themselves on the free benches in the sun, and doze away the idle hours while the birds sing overhead, and the falling blossoms of the chestnut trees strike them lightly on their upturned faces. They may be distanced perhaps by the Neapolitan lazzaroni and the Roman beggars ; which last, however, work at their calling, such as it is ; though their labour is not very exhausting to themselves, and something less than profitable to the community at large.

But indeed we find these idlers wherever men

are congregated together. As shadow is to light, so good is to evil, so is indolence, idleness, uselessness, to that industry by which all the noblest things of life are accomplished and the world is lifted from the darkness of night—which is ignorance, to the light of the day—which is progress. Genius has done great things for the human family; but genius has not done so much as industry. Genius without industry is for the most part abortive—a lightning-flash shewing hidden beauties for a moment, while industry toils at their permanent disclosure; but had it not been for that industry, no lightning-flash shewing where those beauties were to be found, would ever have made them the possession of men. Wise, and to the purpose, was the advice given by an old hand to a young aspirant for literary honour. The old hand was asked what facilities he considered most necessary for a successful novelist? Instead of going over the expected range of invention, character, epigrammatical smartness, dialogue, or the like, as the youth expected, he said simply: 'A pound of cobbler's wax to keep you to your chair and your work.' He was right; and the then youth, now one of our veteran and most successful, if also one of our most prolific novelists, found the pound of cobbler's wax in a strong will, unvarying regularity of habit and method, and a persevering power of industry and work which has made him the master of fortune—and his craft. 'Laborare est orare.' The best faith is that which translates itself into practice; the highest duty that which has most regard for the welfare of others. If this is true, then the converse must be also true; and idleness must be as unworthy as industry is noble—idlers as unprofitable as the workers are faithful.

F A L L E N F O R T U N E S.

CHAPTER XXXV.—TONY'S EXPEDITION.

AT nine years old some town-boys are already men in matters upon which a large class of men most pride themselves: in self-reliance, habits of economy, and the art, if not of getting on in the world, at all events of taking good care of themselves in it. In seven years more, if such a lad is in the costermonger line, he will even have a wife and a carriage. But in the upper classes, our boys remain boys for a long time—some of them, under exceptionally favourable circumstances, even all their lives—and notwithstanding the boasted advantages of our public schools, are strangely helpless and dependent. They are trusted early enough (occasionally too early) to go to the play by themselves with a sovereign in their pocket; but without the sovereign—without, that is to say, the adventitious aids, and claims upon the services of others, to which they have always been accustomed—the British school-boy is no match for the street Arab of one half his years. When Master Anthony Dalton set out on his errand to Dr Curzon's, he had not even 'the light heart and the thin pair of breeches' so much eulogised by philosophers as adapted to the needs of human life. He had a very heavy heart and knickerbockers. There was nothing on the side of this

gallant young gentleman, aged nine, but pluck and a good cause; and there were a great many things—including the wind, which was from the northwest, and blew right up the valley—against him.

Like the rest of his race, he was of delicate constitution, and had been brought up delicately, as was natural enough in a family in which he was the only boy. Town-born and town-bred, he had never even seen the country save in summer-time, till he came to the Nook, and had probably never been out in it, save in a carriage, after dark. He was not the least of a 'molly-coddle,' and certainly no coward; yet if the road to Dr Curzon's had been throughout in its normal state, and well lit as a London street, circumstances had been such with Tony as to render his present expedition, in the phrase of his women-folk, 'quite an undertaking'; and considering that the night soon grew to be so dark that he could scarcely see a yard before him, and that the snow was everywhere two feet deep at least in the roadway, and sometimes half-a-dozen, it must be allowed that the child had his work before him. Of difficulty, however, and far less of danger, Tony had no thought as he ran down the noiseless road towards the bridge. His mind was full of his mother, the sight of whose death-like features had appalled him, and his one consuming idea was to bring Dr Curzon to her side and save her life. He no longer sobbed, but husbanded his breath for her dear sake, and plied his little legs. It had been his intention at first to go to Farmer Boynton's, as Margate had suggested, and get a messenger from among the men at the homestead; but the farm was some way up the valley, in the contrary direction to the doctor's house, and he felt that time would be lost by his so doing. If he could fetch the doctor himself—and the snow was not very deep as yet, though he made but slow progress—help would reach the Nook all the sooner. Behind were the lights of the village; on the left was the solitary beacon of Boynton's farm; to the right lay the long road, so white and yet so dark, with no glimmer from house or homestead; yet to the right he turned, and plunged on through the half-yielding snow.

It was a pitiful struggle, as struggles against Nature in her iron mood mostly are; and the odds, always great against poor humanity, were in this case overwhelming. The little lad did not even know, what any child who does 'the wheel' before the omnibuses in a crowded thoroughfare, for halfpence from the knife-board, could have told him, how to husband his breath. He was almost 'pumped out' already, yet he ran on at the top of his speed. It was grown too dark to distinguish the hard snow from that which was rotten and gave way to his light tread, or to avoid the deep furrows left by the carrier's cart. A slight bend of the road had already hidden the lights behind him, and walls of snow shut him in to right and left. His mind reverted to a picture in the old 'house at home of the retreat from Moscow, of a young conscript left behind by his comrades, and perishing in the white and solitary

waste. It had taken hold of his childish imagination, and he had often dreamt of it in his little cot, and been glad to wake in the morning and find his mother's face looking down upon him with her sweet smile. At that recollection his heart smote him for having forgotten the condition in which he had left her, even for a moment, and he sped on with renewed vigour. If will could have done it, Tony would have run on to York, had it been necessary; but unhappily it is not true that wherever there is a will there is a way. The boy began to stumble, and then to stagger, like a drunken man. His legs still moved, but mechanically; he had lost control over them, and was presently landed, head first, in a snowdrift by the wayside; there he lay for a few seconds, half unconscious. He would have been glad enough to remain there for ever, but the thought of his mother still spurred him on, and he contrived to extricate himself. There was a sharp pain in his right foot, as though a hot iron had seared it; his shoe had come off in the snow. As he ran on, he sent forth one wild passionate cry—a bitter acknowledgment of failure, rather than an appeal for aid; then stumbled and fell.

'Hulloa! there; hulloa!' responded a gruff voice. Tony heard it, but as one hears a voice in dreams.

'I say, hulloa!' continued the voice reproachfully, as though a civil observation of that description, civilly put, had deserved a civil reply. Then the light of a lantern gleamed over the track, and John Bates, the Bleabarrow carrier, came cautiously along it, and almost fell over the boy's prostrate body. Then he exclaimed 'Hulloa!' again, but this time in a very astonished tone—it was a word he had evidently found capable of great modulation—and stooping down, picked up poor Tony.

'Why, hulloa! young gentleman'—here the word expressed commiseration as well as surprise. 'This is a pretty game, especially played with "one shoe off and one shoe on," like "my man John" our Emmy sings about. It's my opinion as it's precious lucky for thee that the old mare came to a full stop just where she did, or thou wouldst never have seen the Nook again.' He carried the boy back to his cart, which was stuck fast in the snow, a few yards ahead, and placed him tenderly among some empty sacks.

'Well, this settles me not to try to push on any more.—Coom, Ned, coom' (here he addressed his horse); 'let us turn round and go back to Sanbeck.'

'The doctor, the doctor!' cried Tony suddenly, raising himself from the sacks. 'Mamma's ill, and wants the doctor.'

'And could they find nobody in all the place but a little lad like thee to fetch the doctor to thy mother such a night as this?'

'Yes; a man could have gone from Farmer Boynton's, but I thought I could go quicker myself. Oh, please, let us go at once.'

'But the wheels can't move a yard that way; and I doubt whether I could get there afoot myself. To be sure, I could take Ned out, and ride him, and leave thee here in the cart.'

'I said I would fetch the doctor,' said Tony resolutely, 'and I'd rather do it.'

'Very good; and so thou shalt. With thy bare foot, and in such sad plight, it will be better for thee to be put to bed at Dr Curzon's. So, I will

ride Ned, and take thee before me. If it had not been for the good stuff they gave me at the Nook, I should have starved o' cold by this time; and one good turn deserves another.'

The honest carrier needed not have thus found an excuse for an act of benevolence which was natural to him. Most men who pass their lives exposed to wind and weather have wholesome natures. The possession of an 'Emmy' of his own too, doubtless made 'the soft spot' in Mr John Bates's heart still softer. He unharnessed the horse; and throwing a sack or two on his bare back, for Tony's accommodation, mounted, and placing the boy before him, moved slowly along the snow-choked way towards the doctor's house. They reached it at last, taking six times the time they would have done upon ordinary occasions; and scarcely less astonished was the worthy doctor at their appearance than if they had been two veritable Knights Templar travelling according to the ancient custom of their order. He looked grave, indeed, when Tony told him his errand; but reassuming his habitual cheerfulness, at once ordered his pony to be brought round.

'As for you, young gentleman, since you have lost a shoe,' said he, 'you had better sleep at my house.'

But Tony besought so earnestly to be taken back to the Nook, to see about mamma, that having been fortified as to his inward boy with something hot, and wrapped up in various warm coverings, he was once more placed before the carrier, who had made up his mind to stay the night at Farmer Boynton's; and the three started together for Sanbeck. It was an expedition that in after-years Tony never forgot, down to its minutest details; the great events of human life stamp not only themselves upon the mind, but all the surroundings which accompany them: the snow-clad road, the leaden night, and every incident of his noiseless journey, were destined to hang in that picture-gallery of the Past (which there are none so poor as not to possess) for ever; the very motion of the sturdy shoulders of the horse the boy so unwontedly bestrode, recurred to him long after his two companions had paid the debt of nature.

Though they rode through the muffled courtyard of the Nook without a sound, the servant girl, who was on the watch, ran out to meet them, and whispered something in the doctor's ear; he was off his pony in an instant, but not before Tony had scrambled down from his huge steed.

'No, my boy,' said the doctor gravely, as the lad was about to limp up-stairs; 'you must not go to your mamma's room just now.'

'What is the matter, Sue? Is mamma worse?' cried Tony wildly; his little legs trembled under him with fatigue and apprehension of he knew not what. The girl picked him up in her strong arms, and placed him in a chair by the kitchen fire.

'No, no; now the doctor has come all will be right,' said she; 'but you must not run about without your shoes. What a walk you must have had through the snow and dark!'

'Oh, that's nothing: at least, nothing to cry about; for the girl had begun to sob hysterically. 'Tell me about mamma.'

A thin shrill quavering cry was heard above-stairs.

'What is that, Sue?'

"You have got a little baby brother, Master Tony; such a dear little thing!"

Tony was nonplussed. He had always understood that the doctors brought these little strangers; but if Dr Curzon had brought this one, he must have carried it in the crown of his hat—a performance Tony had never seen equalled save by a conjurer in London, who had brought a bowl of gold-fish out of the same receptacle.

"I should like to see my baby brother, if I can't see mamma," said Tony dreamily: he had but a faint interest in this newly arrived relative, and he felt dreadfully tired.

"So you shall, if you will just lie down in your bed a bit: it is your bedtime nearly, and you must take off your wet things, you know."

"But you'll call me directly mamma asks to see me?" pleaded the boy.

"O yes, Master Tony, yes; when she asks, I will." There was something strange in the girl's voice and manner, which he could not understand. But he was too worn out for guessing riddles. He even submitted to be carried into his own little room, an indignity he had not endured for many a year, and was put to bed like a child, or a gentleman who has taken too much champagne.

In the morning he awoke so late that the sun was streaming full upon his bed, and upon Jenny's thin white face, who was bending over his pillow with an expression that he had never seen her wear before: it was tender, but yet grave and almost stern.

"Have I over-slept myself, Jenny, and got late for lessons?" said he. Then rapidly collecting his ideas: "And how is mamma? Sue promised that when she asked for me—O Jenny, what is the matter?"

"Mamma will never ask for you again, dear Tony, nor for any of us. She is—"

"Dead?" The boy burst into passionate sobs. "Oh, don't say dead, Jenny!"

"Yes, darling. We have lost the best mother that ever children had."

"O mamma, mamma!" cried Tony, stretching out his little arms. It was terrible to see so young a creature so torn with anguish.

The door opened, and Kitty entered, her beautiful face pucker'd with weeping. "You have told him then, Jenny?" said she in broken tones.

"Yes, dear: I thought it best."

"But why, why did they not send for me? Why did they let me sleep?" asked Tony reproachfully. "Did mamma never ask—"

"Yes, darling, yes," said Kitty; "she did ask for you, but not in time; and when we told her you had gone for the doctor through the dark and snow, she thanked you with her sweet eyes. "My poor, poor boy," she said. It is we who are to be pitied, darling, and not she, for she is an angel in heaven."

"Sue told me I had a baby brother?" said Tony softly, after a little pause.

"Yes, dear, you have."

"How strange and sad it will be for poor papa," continued the boy thoughtfully, "to hear that mamma has gone to heaven, and that there is a baby brother!"

Neither Kitty nor Jenny could make reply. They had not the heart to tell him that in all

human probability the news that had broken their mother's heart was true; that they three—and the baby boy—were left alone in the world; not only motherless, but fatherless.

NEW GUINEA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

In January 1871, H.M.S. *Basilisk* left Sydney under orders to proceed to Cape York, on the north-east coast of Australia, her mission upon the occasion being to land horses and stores at that settlement. The time given for the voyage was three months. Her commander, Captain John Moresby, was but little aware when, somewhat loath, he left civilisation and the kindness of Sydney friends behind, to sail for the extreme north point of Queensland, that the voyage would lead to results which should rank him among famous discoverers. Nevertheless, such was the case, and the results are before the public in a volume entitled, *New Guinea and Polynesia Discoveries, &c. A Cruise to Polynesia, and Visits to the Pearl-shelling Stations in Torres Strait*, of H.M.S. *Basilisk*.

Captain Moresby having landed the horses and stores at Cape York, had some time on hand, and like a faithful servant of the government, he determined to employ it in visiting the pearl-shelling establishments in the Torres Strait which he had reason to believe required looking after in the interest of the South Sea Islanders who were employed as divers. The limits of the Australian station at that time extended to only a few miles north of Cape York, although they have since been altered to embrace the whole of New Guinea. He determined, however, in the discharge of a duty to the poor pearl-divers, who were often cruelly imposed upon, to incur the responsibility of taking the *Basilisk* inside the limits of the China station, where, if ill-luck had attended his good ship—and two years before, H.M.S. *Blanche*, in a somewhat similar attempt, had been almost totally lost on a coral reef—the captain, if he had survived, would have had some difficulty in explaining his conduct to a court-martial.

The gallant captain ran the risk, however, and happily came safely out of the dangers. Having visited the pearl-shelling and bêche-de-mer fisheries, he saw little or nothing to complain of; and gives a short account of each of these two kinds of fishery. For the pearl-shells, the mother-of-pearl of commerce, "the divers go down in four and six fathom water, in localities abounding with sharks; but are very rarely attacked, probably because so many of them dive together as to alarm the sharks." He saw one poor fellow who had been fearfully torn by a shark while diving, and was rendered a cripple for life, the sinews of his thigh having been divided. "I only know," he adds, "of one other accident having happened, by which a woman was similarly injured. The women, as a rule, are considered more dependable divers than the men. The pearl-shell oyster of Torres Strait is a magnificent oyster, weighing from three to six pounds; in some instances, reaching a weight of even ten pounds. The divers frequently bring up one under each arm. The oysters are opened at once, when taken into the boat, and the fish used as food; the pearls, if any, falling to the share of the crew; but the pearls are few, small, and of poor quality." The schooners engaged in this trade sail from the Strait to Sydney at the close of the year,

when the setting in of the north-west monsoon makes the passage easy; they generally take with them each a cargo of thirty or forty tons of pearl-shell, which is valued at Sydney at one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty pounds a ton.

The head-quarters of the bêche-de-mer fisheries are at the mountainous Isle of Darnley, lying at the eastern entrance of the Torres Strait, beyond the region of pearl-shell. The bêche-de-mer is a large sea-slug left lying in great quantities on the coral reefs by the receding tide, and easily gathered by the fishers. The slugs are cut open, cleaned, and placed on thin iron plates in a smoke-drying room, where, after being thoroughly dried, they are picked and sorted for the Chinese market. The bêche-de-mer is divided into three qualities. The best, called the Red Fish, is worth one hundred and forty pounds per ton; the second, or Black Fish, one hundred and twenty pounds; and the worst, or Teat Fish, about eighty pounds; and as all the qualities are plentiful on the reefs, the trade is a lucrative one.

The inhabitants of the Torres Strait islands are black Papuans—like those of the opposite coast of New Guinea—fierce and warlike race, who, by kindly and politic treatment from the pearl-shellers, have been taught to take advantage of the new industry which has been for nine or ten years established among them. While Captain Moresby was visiting the Warrior Island, the natives regarded him and his companions with a 'corroboree,' which must have been a stirring exhibition. 'It was a striking one,' says the gallant chronicler; 'for a huge wood-fire threw a broad light on the tall naked figures of the savages, and painted them sharp against the darkness. The old men and women crouched in a ring, and inclosed the dancers, droning out a slow chant, to which they clapped in time, and beat rude drums, always quickening as the dancers quickened. These gave us a battle-dance, and chased their enemies with guttural cries, tossing their bracelet arms, and heads decked with long cassowary plumes, as they rushed; their eyes flashing, and the whole body alive with fierce excitement, till they looked more like evil spirits than men. The dance was a perfect study from reality. They made signs of all their actions of war, drew the bow, and threw missiles; and bounded on their enemies at last, and slew them, with a semblance that was frightfully like reality. Better things were the picture-dances representing scenes in daily life, such as spearing the dugong, fishing, love-making; and the last and most graceful of all was one which illustrated the coming of the north-west monsoon, and the consequent planting of yams, taro, and sweet-potatoes—a poem in a dance. Nothing more perfectly graceful could be seen than their movements, as, rapidly gliding round the fire with swaying bodies and inflected limbs, they shewed how the wind blew, how the ground was turned up and the seed sown, and ended with a joyous dance.' This account of a corroboree is recommended to the attention of students of the natural history of dancing. It is a patriotic dance, and would seem to serve with these people a purpose analogous to those achieved by patriotic songs among other races.

Captain Moresby did not visit the shores of New Guinea on this occasion. The time he was ordered to spend on the cruise drawing to a close, he returned south, and arriving at Cardwell on the

9th of March, he was informed there of the wreck of a brig on the Great Barrier Reef. This unfortunate ship was on a prospecting expedition to New Guinea, and had, besides her crew, 'seventy-five spirited young men' from Sydney on board. 'They had clubbed together at the rate of ten pounds apiece, and bought the *Maria*, a crazy old brig of one hundred and sixty-seven tons, as ill-found afloat as she was leaky below; and, had fortune favoured, might have reached New Guinea, for all went well for a fortnight, and they had come within four hundred miles of the desired coast.' Our captain exerted himself to the utmost to assist the unhappy waifs of this wreck, whose laudable efforts, though unsuccessful, he still regarded with favour. He writes: 'Thus ended this unfortunate attempt to reach New Guinea, an attempt which is but one proof out of many that Australian instinct points to the possession of this great island. Many attempts to establish a footing in New Guinea may fail, but the instinct is a true one, founded on natural facts and needs, which time will prove to be imperative.' He unmistakably believes the Australian colonies are on the eve of a new era of development; and although Lord Carnarvon refused, some months ago, to give government-sanction to an expedition of more formal pretensions and formidable dimensions than that which sailed on board the leaky and unlucky *Maria*, there would seem to be a widespread feeling in favour of annexing New Guinea.

The *Maria* expedition was not entirely a failure. The upshot of it called particular attention to the object the 'seventy-five spirited young men' had in view in setting out on their reckless voyage. As Captain Moresby writes of his own subsequent expedition: 'Notes of alarm were sounded to the effect that Russian, French, and Italian travellers were now exploring this island, the possession of which must in the future be a necessity to Australia, because of its near vicinity, and its strategic and relative geographical position, and it was feared that these efforts might lead to a foreign occupation in time. Amongst other rumours, it was reported that Americans were about to send an expedition from San Francisco to examine the eastern shores of the island. I deeply felt the importance of forestalling any attempts of alien nations to establish a claim to this great island, knowing that foreign possession might lead to complications, and feeling that the development of the great Australian empire would be cramped in the future, should its progress be arrested in the north. I desired also to secure to England the honour due to a country which had sent Cook, and Dampier, and Owen Stanley to these seas, by filling in the last great blank remaining in their work, and laying down the unknown outlines of East New Guinea on the map of the world.'

Leaving Sydney on Sunday, December 8, 1871, for a second Torres Strait cruise, with permission to visit the coast of New Guinea, Captain Moresby, after discharging many important duties, and encountering a great deal of danger and adventure, came in sight of the magnificent Owen Stanley range of mountains in East New Guinea, on February 13, 1872. Captain Owen Stanley partly surveyed this part of the coast in 1849, but did not attempt to land, as the natives were considered dangerous. Our adventurous captain, however, landed, and, thanks to him, we now know

something of these dangerous natives. Anchoring in Redscar Bay, which has been marked on the maps since Stanley surveyed this coast, Moresby pulled for Redscar village. Crowds of natives anxiously watched and waited for the approaching boat. The captain and his attendants beached their boats amongst a crowd of canoes, hauled up on the black sandy beach, and stepped on shore among the natives, who, wholly unarmed, and without a sign of distrust, gave them a hearty welcome. And now we are introduced for the first time to a gathering of native East New Guineans. 'We were surprised,' says the brave and gentle recorder of this interesting encounter, 'to see that these people differed totally from the tall, muscular, fierce-looking, naked, black Papuans we had left in Torres Strait. These men were more of the Malay type—small, lithe, copper-coloured people, with clean, well-cut features, and a pleasing expression of countenance. They wore their own hair, frizzed out mop-fashion, and were slightly tattooed with stars and small figures on the breast and shoulders, as I have never seen the black Papuans. They had nothing in the way of clothes but a sort of leaf-girdle. The young men were ornamented with white cowry shells bound round their foreheads, arms, and legs, and bird of paradise and cassowary plumes on their heads and shoulders; the older appeared to dispense with these adornments. The septum of the nose and lobes of the ear were pierced, and tortoise-shell rings, pieces of bamboo or shell, put through. The women were ill-made and slovenly looking as compared with the men; their dress was the "ti-ti," or grass petticoat; but the otherwise nude body was adorned by the most extensive tattooing, so well executed as to excite the admiration of all amongst us who had not seen the exquisite tattooing of the Japanese. . . . The little children were all dressed like their elders of either sex, and did not fear us in the least as we walked about, but played round us, shooting with small bows and arrows.'

Captain Moresby afterwards made the first survey on record of the south coast of New Guinea, inside its Barrier Reef. The natives proved all along the coast to be kindly and friendly. A passage was found for the *Basilisk* through the Barrier Reef—henceforth to be known as *Basilisk Passage*. A new port and harbour were happily discovered inside the reef, in which mariners will find a different kind of shelter from that which has heretofore had to be put up with in the exposed Redscar Bay.

One other glance at the natives during this survey. 'Mr Watts, one of the engineers, lost his way, and when beginning to grow anxious, fell in with a party of natives. Far from attempting to take any advantage of his helplessness, they fed him, and took him to their village, making signs that they wished him to sleep there. Finding that he wished to return to his companions, they offered to guide him, stipulating, however, that he should shew himself off in the village first, and permit all the inhabitants to admire his white skin. This he did with a great deal of pleasure, placing himself on a verandah, to be handled and gazed at by scores of beholders.' These Papuans seem to be as fond of a show as are the natives of the British Isles.

Proceeding to South-east New Guinea, our

explorers found that Captain Owen Stanley had laid down the great range of mountains which bears his name thirty miles farther to the eastward than it actually extends; and that the point of land which he had marked as the south-eastern extremity of Papua was one of a series of valuable islands, of which Captain Moresby took formal possession in the name of Her Britannic Majesty. Of the north-east shores of New Guinea from East Cape, as he has named the easternmost point of the mainland, no record exists of their ever having been previously seen by a white man, and now they are clearly mapped out by Captain Moresby to a distance of one hundred and ninety miles as the crow flies. The D'Entrecasteaux Islands—named after their discoverer, who visited this region in 1793, and lying off the north-east extreme of New Guinea—were so utterly unknown, that Captain Moresby and his companions were supplied with sailing directions to the effect that they would probably be found to be not islands, but an integral part of New Guinea. The whole region is now mapped and named; and as Captain Moresby predicts that it will ultimately be inhabited by Englishmen, it may be remarked that they will feel themselves pretty much at home among such names as Rawlinson Range, Markham River, Moresby Island, Milne Bay, Goschen Strait, Goodenough Bay, Ward-Hunt Strait, Mount Gladstone and Disraeli, and other home-names in abundance.

The natives down east here are similar in appearance to those already described; but as the *Basilisk* bore west on the north side of the island on its way to Singapore, the captain was struck with a great change of character. In Humboldt Bay, when they anchored, they were presently surrounded with scores of canoes full of wild vociferating savages, armed with formidable bows and arrows, here first seen by us in East New Guinea. They shewed no sign of fear or reverence; and knowing their reputation for making sudden attacks, we kept our rifles ready. It seems singular that the nearer we come to the seat of the Malay race proper in New Guinea, the more unlike the coast native becomes to the Malay type, the Humboldt Bay people being almost black, with hair inclining to be woolly, the nose and lips verging towards the negro formation. The women were but little ornamented, and wore the ti-ti, or grass petticoat; the men, who were unclad, were profusely decorated with barbaric finery, some of which, particularly a breast-plate of boars' tusks laid flat, and sewn on to plaited cane-work, on which a ground-work of brilliant red seeds was gummed, had quite a fine effect. Once or twice there was every prospect of a free fight amongst the men in the canoes; bows were bent, spears brandished, amidst furious shouting in some dispute over their trading. On one occasion a man parted with some sago for a smaller quantity of hoop-iron than his better-half thought due; and without more ado she seized her paddle and laboured him heartily over the head and shoulders; his friends, instead of pitying his plight, shouted with merriment; he did not retaliate, but slunk away, looking foolish. We have heard of incidents of the latter type occurring not so far from home.

We mention last the achievement of which Captain Moresby seems more proud than of all

the others. It is the opening up of a new and accurately surveyed highway for commerce between Australia, New Guinea, and China. It is past the east end of the island which was formerly considered the extreme point of New Guinea, and now called Moresby Island, and is of a depth varying from thirty to five hundred fathoms. It was on account of this discovery that Captain Moresby annexed this and the neighbouring islands. 'The importance of our discoveries,' he says, 'led me to consider their bearing on imperial and Australian interests. There lay the vast island of New Guinea, dominating the shores of Northern Australia, separated at one point by only twenty miles of coral reef from British possessions, commanding the Torres Strait route, the transit of the Queensland mails, and our newly discovered route for Australian trade to China; commanding the rich and increasing pearl-shell fisheries, with the working of which we had obtained a complete and interesting acquaintance, and also the bêche-de-mer fishery, which furnishes an important article of export to China.' Accordingly, on April 24, 1873, making the best dispositions possible in the circumstances to give some little éclat to the ceremony of taking possession, he annexed these islands; and advocates the annexation of New Guinea, for the reason that 'the occupation of this island by any foreign maritime power, more especially since the discovery of the *Basilisk's* harbours and anchorages, would be a standing menace to Queensland.'

DASHMARTON'S LEGACY.

CHAPTER III.

LUCY's first and abiding impression of the stranger, who had been introduced to her as Mr Streeter, was an unfavourable one. 'He is a much commoner "cad" than Alfred Harvey,' she said to herself, although there was nothing absolutely offensive in his demeanour. He tried to make himself agreeable; but there was something hard and unpleasant beneath the superficial crust of his politeness.

After they had had coffee, Spiller proposed to his companion that they should smoke. 'Lucy don't object,' he said; 'she is used to it.'

'But not in such a tiny room as this,' she said; 'I should find it too much. But there is a little fire left in the schoolroom, and as I have some letters to write, I will leave you to your own devices.'

Thus saying, she rose, and left the room. Mr Streeter opened the door for her, and bowed her politely out; but she caught a sinister gleam in his eye for a moment, which startled and perplexed her.

The letter-writing was not a mere pretext. Alfred Harvey was coming in the morning avowedly for an answer to his suit, and an answer he should have. But she would not trust herself to see him. She would write him a long kind letter, that should console and comfort him, at the same time that it made it evident that she could not marry him. No; had he been ever so dear to her, she would now have refused him. She would

bear her burden alone; she would carry into no other family the taint and suspicion that must rest upon her. She felt herself cut off from the rest of the world by the secret that she carried, by the possession of this money; and although she had once thought of handing it over to the Chilprune people yet now she would die rather than do any such thing. Her heart swelled with proud indignation at the thought that these people had set a watch upon them; upon her, who had renounced everything, and left even what she might have claimed as her own in their hands, and who was innocent and honest as the day, up till now.

But now she would fight the matter out with them, and hold to what she had got. They would disgrace her, no doubt, now, if they found her out; perhaps they would send her to prison. The odds were all on their side: they had everything, wealth, influence, the whole power of the law; and she had only a woman's wit. Well, she would fight the battle, nevertheless; and the contest, she felt, commenced from this moment. There was no security now anywhere; her little maid might be watching her, paid to report her movements; the spy might be in her own house, might be watching her now.

At that moment flashed into her mind the sinister look that the polite young friend of Spiller's had cast upon her. Who was he, this youth, and were all his antecedents known to Spiller? She must find this out on the instant. She went and opened the door of the sitting-room softly, and called to her brother.

'Spiller, I want to talk to you about the letter I am writing. You will excuse him for a moment, Mr Streeter.'

Her brother came out with a pipe in his mouth. 'Well, Lucy, what is it?' he said, lolling against the jamb of the glass-door of the schoolroom.

'Shut the door, and come here.—Spiller, what do you know about your friend? Tell me all, at once; it is important. Is he a Cambridge man? Did you know him there?'

'No; he's not exactly a Cambridge man. He knows a lot of fellows I know; but I never saw him, to say the truth, before he came down here.'

'And you take him into your confidence and friendship.'

'Well, when a fellow holds an overdue bill of yours for fifty odd pounds, you are obliged to make a friend of him. He told me that he had put his name to it, and had been obliged to take it up.'

'Spiller, he is a spy.' At this moment, Lucy raised her head and saw, looking through the glass of the door, the now sinister and forbidding face of Mr Streeter. He opened the door and walked in. Lucy thought that all was lost. She made a movement to grasp the note she was writing, in order to conceal it; but she desisted next moment, seeing that she would only excite suspicion.

'I got tired of my own company pretty soon,' said Mr Streeter, with a harsh kind of laugh; 'and so I thought I'd come in and join you.'

Although Spiller had a feeling of respect for the friend to whom he was indebted, and who had, as far as that went, treated him with a good deal of consideration, yet he thought he was a little too free and easy.

'You don't seem to know, Streeter,' he said, 'that my sister and I are having a little private conversation. Be good enough to retire.'

The young man's face assumed a peculiar expression; and as he cast a keen glance here and there, he seemed little inclined to obey the speaker's command. Spiller in turn frowned, and seemed to meditate hostilities. But Lucy swiftly interposed, laying her hand upon her brother's arm.

'You can stay now, Mr Streeter,' she said, turning upon him with one of her sweetest smiles; 'we have finished our talk, and I may tell you that it was about none other than yourself.'

'About me!' said Streeter, his brow clearing, and a complacent smirk taking its place. 'And pray, what have you to say about me?'

'Take a seat by the fire—one of those cane-bottomed ones; the other is not warranted to bear—if you prefer this room to the other.'

Streeter seated himself, and looked complacently at Lucy, who held his glance for a moment, and then cast down her eyes in apparent confusion.

'I know Spiller's affairs, you see,' went on Lucy, playing nervously with the note-paper on the table, 'and how he is indebted to you. Well, I am going to ask you, for my sake, to let him have a little longer time.'

'If I had any security that the money would be paid in the end.'

'I can give you no security but my own promise,' said Lucy. 'You see, the circumstances are peculiar. We shall have money by-and-by, but at present there is a lock-up of capital. In a little while it will be released.'

'Yes; that is all very well,' said Streeter; 'and if I were satisfied that the money would be really forthcoming— But you see I have been put off with promises so long. Now, if you could give me some knowledge of where the funds are which will soon be forthcoming.'

Lucy sat still and thought for a moment. 'You are a friend of Spiller's, and can be trusted. The money we are entitled to is at present deposited in a London bank.'

'What bank?' asked Streeter.

'The London and Westminster,' said Lucy at a hazard.

'And in whose names?'

'The joint names of myself and Spiller.'

Spiller made a movement of surprise, that Lucy repressed by a quiet look.

Streeter sat for a moment in thought. 'Well,' he said, 'I will take your word for it. Only, I tell you fairly, I want money badly. Have you not enough in the house to satisfy me? Come, now.'

'Spiller and I were taking stock this morning,' said Lucy with a laugh, 'and our united means were thirty shillings.'

'Yes, that was so,' said Spiller, thankful to feel on firm ground at last, for he had been in the region of clouds and mists during the whole of the former part of the conversation.

Streeter said if that were the case, he would wait for another week or so; and after that, business affairs being settled, the conversation took a more

lively turn. Streeter did his best to make himself agreeable to Lucy, and flattered himself that he had succeeded. And in parting, he announced that as his business here was finished, he was going up to town next morning.

'Such a pity,' said Lucy sarcastically; 'just as we were beginning to be acquainted.'

The leave-taking was a very cordial one, in outward appearance.

'Upon my word,' said Streeter to himself, as he walked back to the *White Hart*, 'if the balance at the bank turns out respectable enough, it might be worth one's while to cut the service and go in for matrimony.'

'What a comfort he is gone,' ejaculated Spiller, flinging himself into the schoolmistress's armchair, and giving expression to his relief by a series of yawns and kicks. 'But I say, Lucy, what about the balance at the bank? Has it any existence?'

'None at all,' replied Lucy, giving way, now that the strain on her nerves was over for the moment, to a violent fit of sobbing. 'I have lied most abominably.'

'And all for my sake,' returned Spiller sympathetically. 'But after all, it won't put off the evil day for long. He will find out that there is no balance, and will be down upon me like thunder.'

'Spiller,' said Lucy, springing up, dashing aside her tears, and going to her writing-table, 'will you go to the other side of the glass door and shut it? There now, you are a spy!' she cried in the same tone of voice in which she had spoken to Spiller before Streeter came in. 'Now, do you hear that?'

'What is all this pantomime about?' said Spiller, opening the door.

'Did you hear what I said when the door was shut?'

'Not a word.'

'Thank you; I only wanted to test the acuteness of your hearing.—No; he can have no suspicion,' said Lucy to herself.—'Spiller,' she went on aloud, 'do you know who your friend is? Are you aware that he is a spy, a detective?'

'Nonsense!' cried Spiller. 'If I thought so, I'd go and give him a good licking.'

'Don't do anything of the kind. Leave such kind of people alone.'

'But what should he come to spy for? The nakedness of the land?'

'Listen!' said Lucy; and recounted to her brother what she had heard in the churchyard.

'Yes, I see it all now,' said he, convinced in spite of himself. 'They think we've got a purse, Lucy. Don't you wish we had?'

'Hush!' said Lucy; 'don't think of such things.—Shall I tell him,' she asked herself at that moment, 'and get him to divide my burden? No; he has not the resolution to keep it to himself. Besides, I will not have him guilty too. I will be the only villain.'

Lucy slept little that night, and bedewed her pillow often enough with tears. What a slough of baseness and deceit she must wade through to keep this secret safe! And Alfred was coming on the morrow to ask her to be his wife. She was not fit to be the wife of any honest man. And yet the constant refrain of all her thoughts was, how shall I hide my money safe and sure?

The morning light brought no solution of the

difficulty to Lucy's aching head. There was the note still in her possession, and the respite she had was short. Perhaps before the day was over, Streeter would return, enraged at the deception practised upon him, and armed with authority to search the premises. She felt altogether dazed and stupid—fascinated, as it were, by the danger imminent, and unable to move hand or foot to save herself.

School-time came, and the children began to arrive. Still Lucy had not made up her mind. She must go on with her work, of course, and began mechanically to hear the children's lessons; but her mind was far away, and her pupils soon found this out, and began to take advantage of it. Then, to add to her perplexity, a visitor came in—the Rev. Tresilian Whitwick. Tresilian had heard of Alfred Harvey's return, and of his visit to Miss Dashmarton; and somehow, at the news, his interest in Lucy had suddenly revived. He was rather angry with her, indeed, for that she had received Mr Harvey. A schoolmistress, he said to himself, ought to comport herself as a nun—a sanctified sister, and only receive visits from the clergy. His position as a referee gave him a kind of right to interfere in the matter. Thus he would make an early visit to Miss Dashmarton, and give her a little salutary advice.

But when he arrived at her door, his courage had oozed away. He felt himself unequal for the task of reproof; it must be administered at a more convenient season. Lucy received him coldly, and with some little surprise, as if questioning what could bring him.

'I thought perhaps you would like—in fact I should like myself,' stammered Tresilian, 'to, ah—to catechise some of your elder pupils.'

'O yes, by all means,' said Lucy. 'Come into the schoolroom.'

Tresilian was a shy man, and the open-eyed stares of all the school-girls abashed him a little; appalling, too, was the sudden silence that on his entrance succeeded to the busy hum of voices.

'Perhaps you would like to give the children a little address,' suggested Lucy—'something on the responsibilities of early life?'

But Tresilian did not think he could quite manage that. 'Go on with the usual routine,' he said, 'and if anything occurs to me'—

'Oh, then, perhaps you will take the geography class,' said Lucy, 'and see what they can do,' and before Tresilian knew what he was doing, he found himself with a book in his hand and a formidable array of young ladies before him.

Lucy took advantage of the moment to slip away. She thought that Tresilian would get on better when left to his own resources; and she wanted to have a few minutes' quiet thought on the one recurring subject. As she shut herself into the sitting-room, her eyes fell upon a book lying on the table—a new book on the various educational theories current, which some well-meaning friend had recently given her, and which she had covered with the usual school cover of glazed cloth, to preserve the binding. At the sight, an idea struck her. She hastily undid one half of the cover, took out the fatal bank-note, folded it lengthways into a thin strip, and taking a small slip of the same glazed cloth, sewed with hasty fingers a little pocket in the back of the cover, placed the note within it, closed the opening with more stitches,

and then readjusted the cover. She would give this book to Tresilian, and ask him to read it, and let her have his opinion upon it. Now, Tresilian was a slow, unwilling, but conscientious reader, and would take a month at least to master the contents and form an opinion thereon. In a month or less the danger would be over, and the Chilprune people would have done their worst. She had just finished her task when she heard a knock at the door. Her heart was in her mouth; perhaps she was too late. Emily had run to the door. It was a man's footstep—that of Alfred Harvey.

And yet Alfred Harvey was sufficiently embarrassing. Notwithstanding her perplexities and troubles, she could not help realising the absurdity of the situation. Tresilian keeping school for her, whilst she entertained his rival in the parlour! But Harvey was anxious enough. His face was troubled, and he spoke with strong emotion.

'I've come for an answer, Miss Dashmarton,' he said, 'as I said I would yesterday.'

'I can't give you one,' replied Lucy in desperation—not now; you must give me more time.'

'Now, come, Lucy,' pleaded her lover; 'you have had plenty of time. It isn't from yesterday to today, but for months and months that you must have known what I was going to ask you—and you must have thought about it; and—Well, I must have an answer, Lucy.'

'Why can't things go on as they have done?' said Lucy. 'I should like you very much as a friend—as a brother.'

'There's no use thinking about that,' said Harvey; 'I've got no time for that sort of philandering. Do you think a man can go on worrying and plaguing himself month after month, and year after year, and never come to a settlement? That may do for your Tresilians, with their superfine high-flown notions; but it won't do for Alfred Harvey, farmer. If you'll have me, Lucy, I'll give my life to make you happy. If you won't, I must tear you out of my mind—burn you out, cut you out; anyhow, get rid of you, and start afresh. So, give me an answer, Lucy, plump and plain.'

'Then, if you must have an answer,' cried Lucy: 'No—no—no! You are too arbitrary and exacting altogether; and again I say no. And please let me go, without more ado.'

Lucy made her escape, and took refuge in the schoolroom. She was desperately afraid that Alfred would follow her; and that the rivals should meet in this way would be dreadful. But he did not come; the front-door slammed heavily to, and Lucy breathed freely. Tresilian had got on very well during her absence. He had begun by putting the questions in the book. That London was situated on the Thames, everybody knew; but when it came to Oxford there was a division of opinion. Some said the Thames, and some the Isis; while some of the girls thought it was the same river, and the rest would have it that it was a different one. Tresilian was happily able to set this question at rest of his own knowledge. He had rowed down from Oxford to London, and could testify that the rivers were the same. Then Tresilian, who was at bottom a good-natured young fellow, and fond of children, was led to describe some of the incidents of his voyage; and he succeeded in retaining the interest and attention of the little damsels to an extent quite flattering to his powers of description.

'I think I should like to come again before long, and talk to your pupils, Miss Dashmarton,' said Tresilian, rising to depart. 'May I?'

'I think my girls will be very glad to see you.—What do you say, girls?'

There was a general chorus of assent. 'You seem to have won their hearts very quickly,' said Lucy, as she accompanied him to the door.

'Ah,' replied Tresilian, 'if I could only succeed as well!—'

'Oh, Mr Whitwick,' said Lucy, hastily interrupting him, 'as you are so interested in schools, will you look at a book I have got, read it carefully, and give me your opinion upon it?'

Running into the sitting-room to get the book which she had left on the table, she found it was gone. She ran back to the schoolroom. It was not there. The book had disappeared.

'Give me the name of the book,' said Tresilian, 'and I will order it.'

'Oh, it does not matter now. What can have become of it? O dear, what shall I do!'

'Don't distress yourself, Miss Dashmarton. The book will come to hand, no doubt. I will come to fetch it—tomorrow perhaps, if I may?'

But Lucy was too much agitated to answer, and waved an impatient adieu to Tresilian.

That her every action had been watched, and that her enemies had taken advantage of her momentary carelessness to possess themselves of the evidence of her guilt, was the first abstract impression on the girl's mind. It was, however, with a great cry of thankfulness and relief that she suddenly came upon a volume, which, although not her own, was of the same size, or nearly so, and bore on its fly-leaf the name of Alfred Harvey! The conclusion was irresistible, that he had for some reason or other taken up the missing volume and put it in his pocket. Would he find out his mistake, and return it? That was altogether a matter of chance. If he had finished reading the book he had left behind him, the other book might lie neglected for weeks. And in that case accident would have solved her difficulties in a very effective manner.

Whilst she was pondering over this, Spiller came in to dinner in a very provoking mood. He had met Tresilian, it seemed, and Harvey soon after; both of whom had told him they had just seen his sister.

'How the dickens did you manage them both, Lucy?' inquired her brother sarcastically. 'Why, it's like Box and Cox.'

'Hold your tongue, Spiller,' said his sister sharply. 'Tell me, did Alfred Harvey send any message? Did he give you a book?'

'Book? No; he was just driving off in his dogcart to the station. He was going to see his father and mother; to stop a week. He looked as cross as a bear.'

'Oh, that is a relief,' sighed Lucy.

'Yes, it may be a relief to you,' said Spiller; 'but it isn't to me. Why, there's our last chance gone. After the trick you played that fellow, spy or not, they will be down on me without mercy.'

'Well, you must bear it all, my dear brother; bear it all, for my sake, and his who is dead and gone.'

'They can't hang me for it certainly,' said Spiller, taking his seat at the dinner-table, and ruefully contemplating the scanty meal; 'and as for prison,

I don't suppose prison-fare is much worse than this. They give you good soup and nice mealy potatoes, I know that.'

'I'm sorry there's nothing better for you; but we must live according to our means.'

'You are like the old Border dames, who, when the larder was getting bare, and a cattle-lifting expedition desirable, used to serve up their husband's spurs for dinner. Upon my honour, there would be as much upon a well-greased pair of spurs, as upon this mutton-bone.'

'I wish something would spur *you* on, Spiller,' said his sister. 'You are welcome to what I have, as long as I have anything; but you really ought to be doing something for yourself.'

'What use my trying,' said the youth fretfully, 'whilst I have this millstone round my neck? The only thing that keeps my creditors decently quiet is the seeing they can get nothing out of me. If I got anything to do, with a salary belonging to it, they would be all upon me in a heap. But where are all your fine promises, Lucy? What has become of the benevolent friend who was going to help us? Where is the money that was going to send me back to Cambridge?'

'It may come to pass yet, Spiller.'

Spiller shrugged his shoulders and began to read the daily paper, which he had brought home in his pocket.

'Look here, Lucy,' he said after a while; 'here is a curiously worded advertisement, and by our friend Elkins too.'

Lucy took up the paper, and read in the second column the following:

'NOTICE.—Bankers and others are warned against negotiating a Bank of England five hundred pound note, No. —, date —, the proceeds of a supposed fraud. Payment has been stopped. A reward will be given for information. Apply to Mr Elkins, Coothall Court, E.C.'

The newspaper fell from her hands. It was her note that was thus described. Payment stopped. Then all her sufferings, all her guilt had been in vain. Supposed fraud. Yes, that was it. A fraud. Apart from all the sentimental glosses with which she had hidden the truth, it was a fraud, and she had been the cheat.

There might be punishment yet in store for her. The note might be traced home to her. But there could be no advantage now. She had sinned in vain. Every avenue of hope seemed blocked, and on every side appeared images of disgrace—defeat and ignominy.

'I suppose you know what comes off to-morrow week?' said Spiller, picking up the newspaper, and attacking its columns once more. 'Here's the advertisement of it. They've put it in all the London papers, but it is to be sold by Bowen at the *White Hart*. "Eligible freehold estate, suitable for residential purposes. By order of the mortgagees. Old-fashioned farm or manor-house." Come, that isn't a very flaming description of Mordieu.'

'Is it the old place they are selling?' inquired Lucy listlessly. A little while ago the thought would have made her miserable, now she hardly felt the announcement as one that concerned her.

'You see the dodge,' went on Spiller, 'why they don't puff it more? Old Dolland, who holds the mortgages and instructs the auctioneer, wants to buy it himself, and doesn't care how cheap it

goes. But he won't get it, for the Chilprune people mean to have it.'

'They will have us all body and soul, before long,' sighed Lucy.

TREES OF LIBERTY.

WE are so absolutely without Trees of Liberty in England, that not merely the things themselves, but their nature and meaning also, are pretty nearly beyond our ken. There have not been many dynastic or national revolutions in this country; and when such did occur, our ancestors neither wore red Caps of Liberty nor set up Trees of Liberty; they shewed their enthusiasm in other ways. But, although Trees of Liberty are un-English, they are associated in their origin with a truly English custom—that of erecting gaily dressed masts on the first of May, and giving them the name of May-poles.

We might direct our glance back to ancient times, when sacred trees were objects of veneration, and when symbolic trees played their part in the beliefs and usages of various nations. The myrtle and the linden were at one time dedicated to Venus, the laurel to Apollo, the oak to Jupiter, the vine to Bacchus, and so on. Entire forests were devoted to some deities. The Gauls and Druids venerated the oak and its parasite the mistletoe. Limiting ourselves, however, to the May-tree or May-pole, it was a custom in Italy many ages ago to plant such trees on the first of May, to celebrate the return of gentle, genial Spring. This custom found its way into various countries—among others, to the English settlements or colonies in America, where it is a known fact that the people rallied round the May-trees or May-poles in the several towns, when they organised a determined resistance to the mother-country just a century ago.

From the fact just mentioned, it will be seen that Trees of Liberty were recognised across the Atlantic several years before the commencement of the French Revolution; but 1790 marks the date when the public mind seized hold of the idea as a kind of passion. In that year, M. Norbert de la Chassagnac, curé or parish priest of Saint-Gaudre, near Civray, in the (present) department of Vienne, set his parishioners an example of enthusiasm in welcoming the nascent liberty of France. He caused an oak-tree to be felled in the neighbouring forest, dragged to Civray, and then planted in the open place of the town, as a central rallying-point for the Liberals (who did not until some time afterwards openly advocate Republicanism). Constitutional municipalities had just been established by an overruling of the court party; and the enthusiastic curé, selecting the first of May as an appropriate day, assembled his flock around the newly planted tree, and addressed them in a speech, the general tone of which may be gathered from these words: 'At the foot of this tree you will recognise yourselves as Frenchmen; and when you are old, you will recount to your children the achievements of the epoch when this tree was planted.' The assembled townspeople were as ardent as their pastor, and

shewed their ardour in a characteristic fashion; all who had any litigation put an end to it at once by friendly arbitration, old wounds were healed up, religious feuds for a while abated their violence, and rich and poor forgot their differences.

Such a scene was sure to be infectious; excited people easily take new excitements from other persons who are as excited as themselves. When an account of the ceremony at Civray appeared in the *Moniteur*, a sort of May-tree madness set in all over France. 'La Patrie' became a sort of new religion, 'Egalité' its chief dogma, and the planting of 'Arbres de la Liberté' one of its rites. A newly planted tree, or a staff or pole in its stead, decked with flowers and the newly adopted tricolor flags, became a rallying-point for the people, who encouraged one another to cherish that emblem of liberty as soldiers would cherish their regimental colours. This was done in Paris, in all the principal towns, and in a multitude of country villages.

As the Revolution proceeded, and moderate reformers had to give way to Republicans, the planting of Trees of Liberty became quite a mania. The ceremonial was often a strange one. A dance with 'hands round' took place, accompanied by the singing of revolutionary songs, such as *La Marseillaise* and the *Carmagnole*. The oddest part of the matter, and that which shewed most strikingly the abnormally excited condition of public sentiment, was the mixture of classes and grades on these occasions. Generals, representatives of the people, even bishops and curés, all joined hands. On one occasion, in the Place du Carrousel, the mayor of Paris and the municipal authorities, decked with their scarfs, danced round a newly erected Tree of Liberty, with work-people, shoe-blacks, and tagrag and boottail. A French writer remarks that 'it would be impossible now to imagine the Prefect of the Seine, the General Commandant of the Division, deputies, and senators mixing with the people on public fête days, and dancing round a pole; but at that time the reaction against the aristocracy, the public danger, the party spirit, the warm sympathy in the fate of the humble and the youthful, whom the Revolution had brought out of obscurity, the simpler manners that had come into favour, and the doctrines taught by some of the leading philosophical writers—all tended to augment the patriotic eccentricities which so shock cold observers now.' This dancing 'hands round' was carried from the open square or market-place to the camp, where a general might sometimes be seen dancing with his soldiers around the colours, without the dignity of his rank being compromised. Representatives of the government in like manner joined in the popular dances in the open places, around the symbolic altars which were set up at that strange period. 'Egalité' was for the time in fashion; or if not actually so, the rich, the high-born, and the official professed to accept it joyfully, as a means of keeping out of trouble.

The royalists, whenever they could shew themselves, took pleasure in injuring the Trees of Liberty; this they could only do during the night, hacking them and sprinkling them with vitriol. This puerile conduct increased the hatred of the populace, who expressed as much horror at it as zealous religionists would at the desecration of sacred rites. On one occasion, at Rouen, twenty persons were accused of having mounted the white

cockade (an emblem of royalty) and mutilated a Tree of Liberty; nine of them were condemned to death. There can be no question that the populace really regarded this mutilation of the trees as a desecration; how far this was the opinion of the classes above them is a separate question. The royalists, in one instance, shewed veneration for a Tree of Liberty in a rural district, but in an odd way. A band of royalists and peasants defeated a rival band of Republicans in a local outbreak, and celebrated their victory by singing a *Te Deum* around a Tree of Liberty in the open place. The church was closed, as were most churches at the period; but the victors converted into an *al fresco* church a tree set up for a very different purpose.

By the beginning of the year 1793, when these movements were gradually leading to such terrible results, the Trees of Liberty in Paris were not less than two hundred in number; and it was computed that the whole of France contained little less than sixty thousand of them. They were maintained by the local authorities, and were, as we have said, decked with ribbons, flowers, and inscriptions in prose and verse. They served, to some extent, the purpose of municipal offices; for the people assembled around them to take the civic oath, and on other important public occasions. At a time when the (so-called) Religion of Nature was gradually supplanting all other religions, the trees also served as altars for a series of rites and ceremonies. A French writer, Grégoire, says that many of these Trees of Liberty gave an air of lightness, cheeriness, and pleasantness to squalid alleys and frowsy *culs-de-sac*; and he sensibly adds: 'Perhaps we shall one day come to the opinion that it is not only possible but desirable, in crowded and unwholesome localities, to plant trees that in May would tend to joyousness, and would at all times be agreeable.'

In most cases, real trees were planted, but the roots had a tendency to decay, probably owing to unskillful management; and they became mere May-poles. Orders were frequently issued by the authorities of Paris and of the department of the Seine to replant any Trees of Liberty of which the roots had decayed, or rather to plant others in their stead. The National Convention, on the 3d Pluviôse of the year 2 (the revolutionary name for the 21st of January 1794), issued an edict that, in all the communes of France in which such a tree had died, a new one should be planted; this duty, and the maintenance of the new emblem, were confided to all good citizens, 'in order that each commune may possess a Tree of Liberty under the *egis* of the Republic.' The date above named was recommended as one specially suited for such replantings, 'to commemorate the anniversary of the just punishment of the last king of France'—that is, the guillotining of the hapless Louis XVI. There was something approaching almost to an equality with the treatment of a hero, in the manner of reverencing a Tree of Liberty which had been 'desecrated' by the hands of the royalists. On one occasion, when a tree had been surreptitiously cut down at Amiens during the night, André Dumond, a commissioner from the National Convention to the department in which Amiens is situated, wrote to his dread masters to denounce the 'fearful atrocity.' He appointed a day for setting up a new tree. The trunk of the old one was carried away to a last resting-place, escorted

by armed men, to the strains of funereal music. A new tree, decked with colours, was planted. The National Guard, the civic authorities, and the government commissioner assisted in throwing earth on the roots. The tree bore an inscription: 'Les Citoyens d'Amiens me defendront jusqu'à la mort. Ce nouvel arbre est transporté en grande pompe pour être planté devant le Temple de la Raison.'

Wherever the French armies penetrated, they carried with them this crazy love for Trees of Liberty; and the few colonies which France possessed sought to imitate the example. Senegal sent a deputation to the National Convention, with the message: 'The colonists here burn with ardour. They assembled, and elevated a Tree of Liberty in the very spot where the infamous traffic in slaves was wont to be carried on.' We must bear in mind, as one good feature in that Revolution, that the freedom of all slaves was decreed by the Republicans; how long it lasted, is another question. Sometimes the Tree of Liberty became a Tree of Fraternity. Two parties of French and Swiss, meeting at a fête in Geneva, set up a tree to celebrate the friendship between the two republics. This proceeding was imitated soon afterwards at Paris, by the planting of a Tree of Fraternity, amid great pomp, in the Place du Carrousel. An oak was brought from the forest of Vincennes for this purpose; but, in most instances, a poplar was preferred, as being tall and straight, and because of the twofold meaning of the word 'populus.'

Trees of Liberty died a natural death when the young artillery officer Napoleon Bonaparte rose into power. He respected no one's liberty but his own, and Republicanism was not at all to his liking. During a portion of the Consulate, it is true, orders were occasionally issued to maintain the trees; but the orders were lukewarm, and it became evident that the former spirit had evaporated. The trees one by one disappeared, partly because the interest in them was gone, partly because they had decayed, and partly to make room for new buildings and streets. A few remained throughout the period of the Empire down to 1815; but the dull Bourbons, on their restoration, ordered these few to be sought out and rooted up.

Fifteen more years passed, and then it was found that the obliteration had not been actually complete and total. The revolutionists who, in 1830, set up the Citizen-King Louis-Philippe as a successor to the Bourbon Charles X., ferreted out a few old Trees of Liberty here and there, made a flourish of enthusiasm about them, and set up several more. Another period passed; another revolution took place; and in 1848, one single tree was found which had been planted as a Tree of Liberty more than half a century before. The young men of the town (Marseilles) redecorated this old emblem of Liberty, and made a great celebration around it and many newly planted trees. In Paris there were several Trees of Liberty planted at this time, but the practice did not take. The old spirit could not effectually be revived; and Louis Napoleon shortly afterwards did that which his uncle had done in the early part of the century—threw cold-water on all Trees of Liberty.

Belgium tried its hand at this kind of popular enthusiasm in 1830, when it became an independent kingdom, separate and distinct from Holland;

but the newly planted trees gradually dried up and withered, all except one, which has grown well, and stands awkwardly in the middle of the street, opposite the Royal Palace, in Brussels.

BUTTERFLIES OF THE SEA.

AWAY in the far north of the Arctic regions, floating in myriads upon the surface of the northern seas, and constituting vast fields of life, through which ships may sail for days and nights together, are found multitudes of small animals, to which the appropriate name of 'butterflies of the sea' has been given. To watch one of these beings, pursuing its way through the waters by means of two wing-like appendages springing from the sides of the neck, and to note the delicate body, inclosed in some cases in a delicate glassy shell, the comparison or resemblance to the aerial insect is by no means far-fetched or strained. And in their organisation and habits, these little organisms may be found to present some points of great interest to the non-technical reader; whilst to the naturalist they have ever afforded subjects of pleasant study and instruction.

The position of the sea-butterflies in the animal scale is of sufficiently well-determined kind. They are molluscous animals, that is, are allied to our ordinary shell-fish, such as oysters, mussels, &c., as well as to cuttle-fishes and allied beings. Their nearest relations are undoubtedly the whelks, cowries, and other shell-fish, belonging to the great molluscan class known to naturalists as the *Gasteropoda*; and whilst some naturalists regard the sea-butterflies as forming a distinct group of themselves, others, and with every show of reason, maintain that they should be placed merely as a branch of the *Gasteropod* class. The scientific appellation of our sea-butterflies is the *Pteropoda*—a name signifying 'wing-footed,' and which is thus of expressive enough kind, when we consider the manner in which they flit over the watery wastes.

Besides being able to swim quickly and well by aid of their wing-like fins, the sea-butterflies can descend into the ocean-depths, or ascend from these depths to the surface, at will. They appear further to come to the surface chiefly at night or in the twilight; and as a naturalist has well remarked, each species or kind of these animals seems to have its own and special degree of darkness in which it ascends from the depths. Thus, did we know sufficient of the history of these little animals, we might be able to construct a *Pteropod*-clock by watching the respective hours of their appearance at the surface of the sea; just as the botanist forms a 'floral clock' by watching the times of the opening and closing of flowers.

Being 'shell-fish,' the *Pteropods* usually possess a shell; this latter structure, it must however be noted, not being developed in all these beings. A very beautiful, and at the same time most representative kind of sea-butterfly, is that known by the name of the *Hyalea*, of which kind there are several distinct species; and in this form, as well as in another well-known species called *Cleodora*, a shell is developed. The shell is thus seen to consist of a very delicate glassy structure, somewhat triangular in shape, and of elongated form in *Cleodora*; that of *Hyalea* being composed of two plates united together, and forming a small shell of elongated or globular shape. The little head-

extremity of the animal, provided with its 'wings,' protrudes in each case from the front or open extremity of the shell. Another very familiar sea-butterfly is the *Clio*, which does not possess a shell, but appears as a little oblong body about an inch in length, and terminating in a lower pointed extremity.

No part of the structure of the sea-butterflies presents more surprising details than that of the head and its appendages; the latter consisting of tentacles, jaws, and like apparatus, exercising the sense of touch and other offices. Thus, on each side of the mouth of *Clio*, we discover three fleshy appendages, which at first sight might appear to consist of simple tentacles or organs of touch. When, however, we bring the microscope to bear upon these bodies, we note the interesting fact, that the surface of each is literally studded over with numerous minute specks, which, when more fully magnified, are seen to be of hollow cylindrical shape, and to contain, each about twenty little suckers. These suckers may be protruded at will from their respective cylinders, so as to constitute an efficient apparatus for seizing and detaining particles of food. Thus if we consider that each of the six tentacles bears, on an average, about three thousand of the cylindrical bodies, and that each of the latter in turn contains about twenty suckers, we reach the enormous number of three hundred and sixty thousand suckers, as constituting the prehensile armament of a single *Clio*, itself of very small size. And imagination may assist us in its scientific aspects better than any other intellectual process, in endeavouring to form some idea of the extreme delicacy of the muscles and structures whereby the protrusion and retraction of the suckers are secured.

Two fleshy 'hoods' serve to inclose the tentacles when the latter are not in use and are retracted; and other filaments exist which may be used to subserve the sense of touch in these forms. Within the little mouth of the sea-butterflies, as also well exemplified in *Clio*, peculiar jaws and a curious 'tongue' exist, for the mastication of food. Each jaw is a conical structure, which literally bristles with sharp spiny teeth; and the 'tongue' is likewise studded over with recurved hooks, which also aid in rasping down or triturating the nutrient matter. And as completing the alimentary apparatus of the sea-butterflies, we find a well-developed throat, stomach, a large liver, salivary glands, and other addenda; whilst a heart is also present, along with a system of blood-vessels for the conveyance of the vital fluid through the body. The breathing-organs in some of these beings are well developed, and appear in the form of delicate gills, or analogous structures, which are sometimes, as in *Hyalea*, inclosed within a special chamber, but in others, such as *Clio*, are apparently unprotected, and of indistinct nature.

A very large 'brain'—or at anyrate a mass of nervous matter corresponding in function to the great nerve-centre of higher animals—is developed in the sea-butterflies, and can be discerned lying beneath the throat, and forming, in fact, a kind of internal collar around the gullet. And nerves accordingly radiate throughout the body from this central mass, and supply the various parts of the organism with feeling and vital power. Especially, as we might expect, do we find the delicate tentacles of the head to receive a large nerve-supply;

and we may also note the presence of two eyes, situated on the back of the neck. These latter organs are not of a very high order of development, but doubtless subserve the function of guiding their possessors in their marine flights.

It is very curious to observe, that, in the course of their development, the members of the higher class of the Gasteropoda already alluded to, at one period evince a strange likeness to the form of our sea-butterflies. The young whelks and their allies first appear on the stage of life as little free-swimming bodies, which move through the waters, each by means of a pair of wing-like lobes which spring from the sides of the head. Observing such a form, we cannot but be struck with its close resemblance to the mature form of our sea-butterflies; a resemblance which is, however, wholly lost as the young gasteropod advances further in its development to attain its adult stage.

The food of our sea-butterflies appears to consist of the more minute marine Crustacea, which with themselves, haunt the surface of the sea. Thus these small beings exist on organisms of still lesser magnitude. But in turn the sea-butterflies form a large proportion of the food of the largest of animals—the whales themselves. Drawn in myriads into the capacious mouth of the Greenland whale, with the floods of water which the great monster of the deep from time to time imbibes, the sea-butterflies remain entangled in the 'baleen' or whalebone plates of the jaws, and are thereafter swallowed as nutriment; and the species *Clio borealis*, from this latter circumstance, becomes known to us under the popular name of 'whales' food.' Sea-birds also prey upon the butterflies of the ocean, which thus contribute largely to the support of much higher forms than themselves. In the Mediterranean Sea, on the Australian coasts, and in the Atlantic Ocean, the sea-butterflies also occur, but not in such numbers as in the far north, whither, to the very home of the Pteropods, British enterprise has advanced on a noble mission of discovery.

Small as are all the existing representatives of the sea-butterflies, it may prove interesting to note in the last place, that, in past epochs of this world's history, several relatively gigantic members of this class appear to have been developed. In some of the oldest (Silurian) rocks, large shells of Pteropoda are discovered as fossils; one extinct species, known as *Conularia*, attaining a length of about a foot, and a breadth of fully an inch—dimensions these, of giant kind, as compared with the shells of living sea-butterflies. And in more recent rocks, the small delicate shells of our living *Cleodora* and *Hyalea* may be found in a fossil state; proving thus to us the ancient ancestry of the existing 'butterflies of the sea.'

TATTOOING EXTRAORDINARY.
THE following very extraordinary account of tattooing is from an American newspaper, the *Bridgewater Standard*, Connecticut, of May 30th.

'At ex-mayor Barnum's residence we this morning saw a wonder of tattooing on the person of Captain George Costentenus, a descendant of a noble Greek family from the province of Albania. His statement is that while he, together with an American and a Spaniard, was mining in Chinese Tartary in 1867, a rebellion arose, and the three joined

the insurgents. Ill-luck coming to their cause, they were taken prisoners, and subjected to the tattooing process for three months, as a punishment, in lieu of having their heads cut off. He says that the process causes such terrible pain that it required six men to hold him while one performed the operation. After it was completed all three escaped from the prison; but the American only survived five or six months. The Spaniard lost his eyesight, and died in Manilla; but Captain Costentenus survives, and is in good health. The tattooing was done with indigo and cinnabar, producing blue and red colours, and there is not a single point on his body which is not covered with these colours, so that it is impossible to discover what was the natural colour of his skin except by his ears and the soles of his feet, which are the only parts they did not cover with tattoo. He appeared at first sight as though he was clothed with very close-fitting tights made of a shawl or of very soft fine drapery. Upon a close inspection, however, it is seen that he is entirely naked, and that the apparent tights are an illusion. Moreover, his whole person is found to be covered with a great variety of animal figures, with their names most ingeniously and skilfully printed into the cuticle. On the forehead are animals and inscriptions, and on the face star-like figures. On the hands are numerous red points and figures resembling sculptures, as well as long-tailed panther-like shapes. On the neck, chest, abdomen, back, and extremities the skin is a mass of symmetrically arranged and admirably executed figures of monkeys, tigers, lions, elephants, peacocks, storks, swans, snakes, crocodiles, lizards, mingled with bows, arrows, leaves, flowers, and fruits; on the palms of the hands are indescribable figures; and little figures are on the inside of the fingers. On the upper side of both feet to the toes are blue points, and from the toes to the nails are red lines. Altogether there are 387 tattooed pictures on the entire body—on the forehead, 2; neck, 8; chest, 50; back, 37; abdomen, 52; upper extremities, 101; lower extremities, 137. The captain is certainly one of the greatest human curiosities ever seen. He has travelled in all countries except America, and is attracted here by the Centennial Exhibition. He spoke English, French, Spanish, and Italian this morning; and he understands the Arabic, the Persian, and several other languages. He is about five feet ten inches high, has a superb physique; his hair is straight, jet black, and glossy. To the touch his skin has a soft velvety feeling, and it has so much the appearance of being clothed that he might walk through the public streets without any one suspecting that he was not dressed in tights. We understand that Mr Barnum has engaged him to travel with his great show at a salary of one hundred dollars a day, and that he will make his first appearance in Providence.'